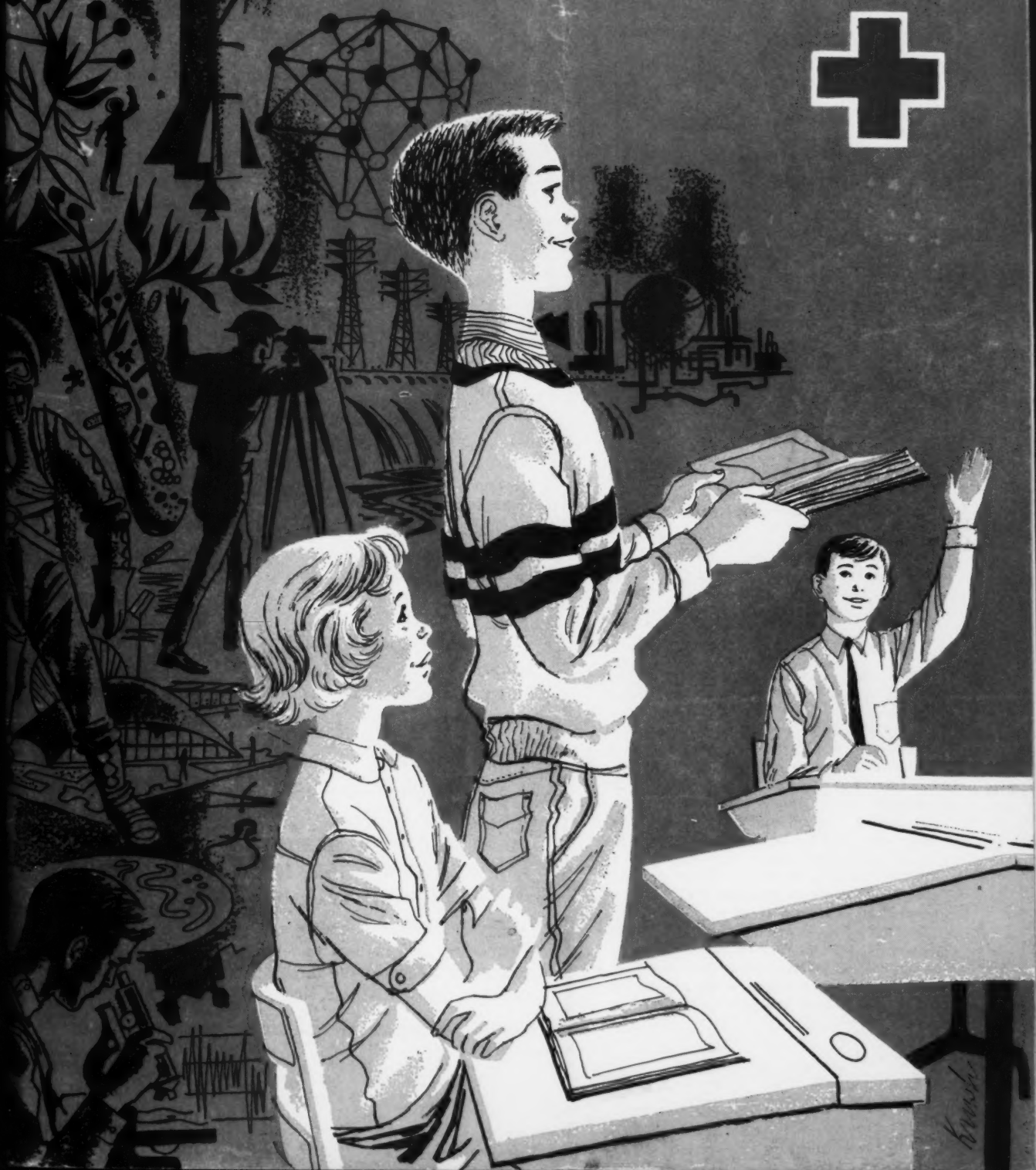


American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

OCTOBER • 1958



NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

VOLUME 40 OCTOBER 1958 NUMBER 1

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ELEANOR CRAVEN FISHBURN

August 7, 1907—September 1, 1958

In the death of Eleanor Fishburn a lively spirit has been lost to the staff of the American National Red Cross and to the hundreds of thousands of readers of the American Junior Red Cross NEWS and JOURNAL.

For over ten years Mrs. Fishburn enriched these publications. In the best sense of the word she was a professional, eager for excellence, and dedicated to the pursuit of it. This quality showed in technical editing, in concern for teachers, in the desire to interpret the Red Cross ideal, and above all in preparing materials for children and youth that would be a delight to them. At a time when many praised the idea of "communications," Mrs. Fishburn devoted herself to producing materials that would tell a story and make a point.

Beyond her daily work on the magazines she was engaged in producing a dissertation on the teaching of the Geneva Conventions in secondary schools as part of the qualifications for a doctorate in education at American University.

Her contribution to educational publications brought Mrs. Fishburn the presidency of the Educational Press Association, a sign that the field of youth publication as well as her friends in the American Red Cross will be the poorer for her death.

Mrs. Fishburn is survived by her husband, Cyrus C. Fishburn, and two children, Martha J. and Cyrus C. Jr. of Chevy Chase, Maryland; by her mother, Mrs. George W. Craven, and her sister, Mrs. Dorothy Storey, of Boston, Massachusetts.

MANY WONDERFUL WORLDS

NEWS Theme for 1958-59

OCTOBER—WORLD OF SCHOOL

School Days

Our cover this month was designed by Joe Krush, a favorite NEWS artist. We think it illustrates our "World of School" very well indeed.



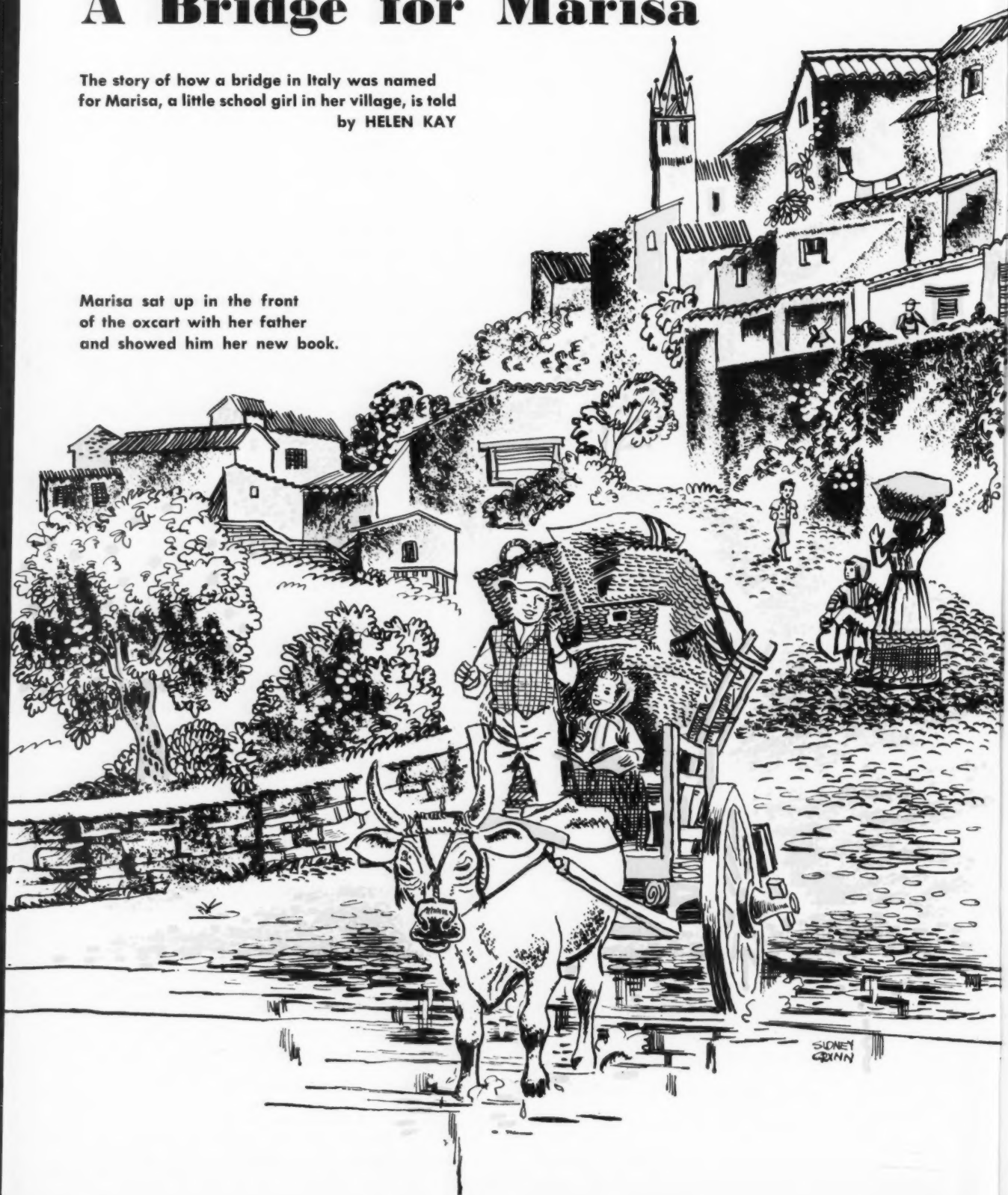
Juan Muñoz photo

GOING TO SCHOOL IN ALASKA—These Eskimo boys and girls who live on King Island near Nome, Alaska, find that when the school steps are packed with snow, the best way to descend them is to sit down and slide!

A Bridge for Marisa

The story of how a bridge in Italy was named
for Marisa, a little school girl in her village, is told
by HELEN KAY

Marisa sat up in the front
of the oxcart with her father
and showed him her new book.



MARISA put on her new dress, her new sweater, her new white socks her mother had knitted, and her new shoes the cobbler had made. She scrubbed her face with her washcloth and told her mother, "I am ready!"

Today was Marisa's first day of school. Her mother gave her a big hug. This was an important day for the whole family. Marisa was going to school. And school was very far away from where Marisa lived.

Her father's farm clung to the side of a steep hill, and Marisa would have to go down the hill, through the valley, across the creek to the village.

Father called from the front door, "Ready, Marisa?" He was waiting with the ox yoked to the cart, the gay little cart all decorated with paint, that would take Marisa jogging over the roads to the village school.

Marisa climbed into the back of the cart, and spread clean straw on the floor and sat down. Her father made a clicking sound to the ox, and the ox started down the road.

Father was singing, some song about a sturdy little oxcart, but Marisa's heart was too full to sing. Wonder filled it. She would learn so much at school. She would learn to read stories about faraway places. She would learn to add so when father went to market, she would know how to make change for him and keep track of what he spent. She would learn . . . and Marisa was lost in the deep, deep green of the trees, and the blue, blue of the sky. The wheels of the cart went around, and the ox took slow steady steps, down the narrow path that would take them to the foot of the hill on which they lived.

"Watch how we go," Father called to her. "For tomorrow I need the ox for plowing, and you will go alone."

Marisa studied the long road through the woods, her eyes followed the field between. Suddenly the cart came to a halt. Marisa turned around to see why, and found they

had come to the side of the creek. Slowly the ox took careful steps through the creek bed to the other side. The water wasn't deep—but the ox didn't like the cold water around its heels.

Marisa said to Father, "I can step across from stone to stone," and she patted her stout shoes that the cobbler had made especially for her.

Up the hill from the creek, through the cobblestone street they went, and Marisa was in the schoolyard. Soon the teacher came out to call the children in. He showed Marisa where her desk was, and he gave her a blackboard, and she sat down with chalk in hand, waiting to learn the wonders of words.

Marisa looked shyly around at all the children. The boy who sat next to her was smiling at her. "Benno is my name," he said. "I am the cobbler's son."

Marisa showed him her new shoes, and Benno smiled approvingly. Then he showed her where to keep her chalk and board. And Marisa turned all her attention to her work.

When school was over, Father was there once again with the oxcart. This time it was filled with seeds and baskets and things he'd bought at the market. There was no room in the back of the cart for Marisa, so she sat up front with Father, and showed him her new book with the beautiful pictures.

Back through the village, across the creek, over the valley, and up the hill, the stout ox carried the load, and Marisa dreamed of tomorrow when she would walk to school alone.

The next day Marisa walked alone. She practically flew down the mountainside like a bird, and raced across the field, stopping only when she got to the creek. Carefully she skirted the creek to see where the stones were closest together, and skillfully she stepped from stone to stone to the other side. This would be no trouble at all, Marisa knew. She hadn't even gotten her shoes wet, and she continued to the other side. A small boy was

waiting for her. It was Benno, the cobbler's son. And shyly they walked together through the village to the school.

Back at home, Marisa showed her mother and father how she could already write her own name and that of her friend Benno. She took off her long white socks and her shoes, and put them carefully away. At home, she would go barefoot. Marisa went about her chores. She took scraps to the chickens, and helped bring in the goat for Mother to milk. She called Father from the field when supper was ready, and helped him unyoke the ox, and bed it down with straw.

The next morning it rained. Father hitched the ox up to the cart. He put a canvas across the wagon, so Marisa could climb under it. He wrapped himself in rags to keep

dry. He put a basket on his head and they set off. Marisa couldn't see anything from under the canvas cover, but she could hear the rain go splash, splash, splash on top, while she lay cold, but dry, underneath. She could hear the rain rivulets run down the mountainside to the valley. She could feel Father hold back the cart with the brake, so it wouldn't skid into the ox. She could feel it when they finally came to the foot of the hill and the road was smooth through the valley, and she knew when they came to the creek because the cart was stopped dead.

This time, the water was high. It came halfway up the cart wheels. Father was trying to decide whether to go across or not. "Try it," Marisa begged. So Father did. The sure-footed ox got them across. Father said, "I will stay in the village all day and visit friends, until school is out."

Teacher was so glad to see Marisa, he patted her on the head. So was Benno. "You made it!" he said.

Now Marisa could write the whole alphabet, and sing it, too. She made pretty pictures with her crayons, and took them home to show to her mother.



Marisa tied her shoes and socks around her neck to keep them dry, then waded through the creek.

And so the school year passed. On very bad days Father took the ox away from its work, and went with Marisa to school. On bright, sunny days Marisa flew like a bird down the hill, across the valley, and then tiptoed across the creek, from stone to stone.

One day when Marisa came to the creek, the water covered the stones. So she took off her shoes and socks, and tied them around her neck. She pulled up her skirts and waded across.

Benno was waiting for her at the other side. They sat together on a big log, at the side of the creek, while her feet dried, so she could get her shoes and socks back on. Then they walked to school together.

The next day, Benno was right there on the same side of the creek, when Marisa came running down the hill. "How did you get here?" she asked. And Benno pointed to the creek. Somehow somewhere he had gotten boards, and had laid them across from stone to stone. Now Marisa could walk across quickly. She had a bridge of her own!

But one day it rained and rained and rained. The creek became a roaring river. It took down Benno's small bridge and carried it away. Father came down with Marisa to the creek bank, in the oxcart, and this time when Marisa called, "Let's try it," he shook his head. The water was too swift to take a chance even with the sure-footed ox. The cart might break into a thousand pieces against the rocks. So Marisa missed school.

Benno waved to her from the far side, and sadly Marisa waved too, as the oxcart went back up the hill to the farm.

All day as Marisa worked around the house, getting the eggs, helping Mother make cheese out of the goat's milk, she wondered what they were learning in school.

Days passed, and finally the sun came out again. The creek was back to normal. Once more her stepping stones peeked their round heads out of the water. Once more, Marisa

stepped from stone to stone. She didn't even mind when she slipped, and got her shoes wet. She was going to school, and she walked with wet feet. In school the teacher told her to take off her shoes and socks until they dried. And so she sat in class, wiggling her toes, and Benno couldn't help laughing, because when Marisa added her figures, she used her toes instead of her fingers.

By the end of the school year, Marisa was the heroine of the school. For who else came to school in an oxcart, or crossed a wild creek to get to school?

On the last day of school, teacher asked all the children to write the most important thing that happened to them during the year. Marisa wrote: "Coming to school. Every day I wondered. Would I be able to get to school at all? Would I be able to cross the creek? Would the oxcart be able to take me? Would Benno's bridge of planks be there? But I did get across, and I learned to read and write."

Tears came to the teacher's eyes as he read Marisa's story out loud. "Marisa will get to school every day next year, I promise," he said.

And the children all wondered "how?"

But soon they learned. The teacher started a campaign in the village. "Come help us this summer. We want to build a bridge for Marisa to get to school, every day."

Benno and the teacher collected wood and stakes. Every villager was asked to give a day's work. Everyone thought it a good idea. They were poor, but they gave what they could. A few pennies for nails. A few planks and boards. The strength from their hands. Suddenly one day just before school was to start again, there was a bridge across the creek. A bridge for Marisa to go to school.

After the bridge was built, it was named the Ponte di Marisa.

And Marisa and her school friends were the first ones to walk across. They came down to greet Marisa, and take her to school. (END)

We wouldn't miss a meeting!



OCTOBER—JRC VISITS HAWAII

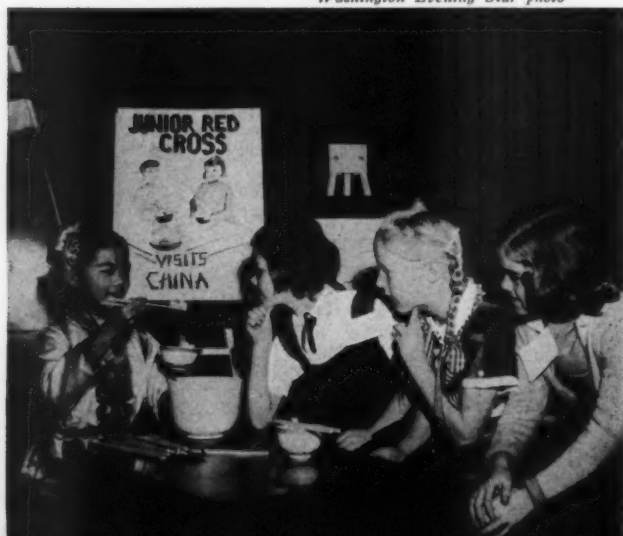
The friendly spirit of the Hawaiian Islands was brought to JRC Interschool Council members by Mrs. Blake Clark, a former teacher in Hawaii. She is pictured here teaching a Hawaiian dance to Eileen Zola and Hugh April, representatives from Oyster School.

ALL THROUGH THE YEAR boys and girls in the District of Columbia Chapter who are elected to represent their schools at the JRC Interschool Elementary Council meetings consider themselves very lucky. "We wouldn't miss a meeting," said one boy, "because each one is fun and different and we make new friends."

Last year's meetings featured the JRC international programs and were built around the theme, *Our World of Neighbors*. The theme song was *A Smile Is Friendly Magic*, taken from the AJRC NEWS (April 1956 issue). At each meeting the boys and girls "visited" a different country, as shown in the pictures on these two pages.

Council meetings are held four times a year at the District of Columbia chapter house from 10:15 to 11:15. A mid-morning snack and get-acquainted time starts everything off right. Delegates also enjoy exhibits of JRC activities from other schools or from countries featured in the program. Over 100 schools send representatives to the council, selected from grades 5 or 6. Teacher-sponsors

Washington Evening Star photo



DECEMBER—A VISIT TO CHINA

"It's easy when you know how," says Katherine Yu of Whittier School as she shows use of chopsticks to three representatives at JRC Interschool council meeting.

FUN and FRIENDSHIP are the magic keys to success at the four meetings of the JRC Interschool Council for Elementary Schools, held during the year by the District of Columbia Chapter, Washington, D.C.

and parents who arrange transportation and come with the children say they enjoy the programs as much as the juniors.

Students take part in the programs by making introductions or speeches, by taking part in skits or demonstrations, and by asking questions. Take-home materials are given to each representative to use at his or her school in reporting on the meeting and in planning follow-up action. Often there are surprise gifts like the leis from Hawaiian JRCers.

To show you just how the meetings are planned, here is the program for last December, featuring "A Visit to China":

- * Meeting called to order by council president.
- * Junior Red Cross Statement of Principles, read by representatives.
- * The Christmas Stocking Tree (explanation of citywide JRC project).

- * Presentation to Home Service of dolls dressed by JRCers in Washington, D.C., for needy children.
- * Junior Red Cross Visits China, by Mrs. Joseph Ku, Chinese Embassy (Mrs. Ku told about school and home life, games, and holidays of boys and girls in China. The program also featured Chinese dance demonstrations by an 11-year-old Chinese girl, and an explanation of Chinese writing).
- * Question-and-answer period.
- * *A Smile Is Friendly Magic* (singing of Interschool Council theme song).
- * Adjournment.

At the last meeting of the year special recognition is given to students with perfect attendance records. Last year 69 representatives from 38 schools attended all four meetings, so you can see the JRCers in Washington, D.C., really mean it when they say, "We wouldn't miss a meeting!"

APRIL—A VISIT TO PANAMA

As they wait for an autograph from Gladys Veraga of Panama (now attending Western High in Washington, D.C.), two representatives, Mary Molinengo of Hearst School (left) and Alexis Yuhas of Simon School, admire the beautiful costume Miss Veraga wore to the meeting.

Reni photo



FEBRUARY—THE GIFT BOX IN OUR WORLD OF NEIGHBORS
Children from other countries attending school in Washington, D.C., wear their native dress and take part in the meeting by reading gift box acknowledgment letters sent to the chapter.

Reni photo



Winging South in the Fall



The fall is the time of year for you to watch the birds as they fly south for the winter. Shirley A. Briggs, bird watcher and naturalist, tells about Hawk Mountain where thousands each year go to see hawks and eagles soaring southward.

AS SUMMER COMES TO AN END in the great northern wilds of Canada, most of the birds that have come there to raise their families and live during the warm weather start to fly toward the south and their winter homes. First come the birds from the treeless far north, where summer rushes by in a few weeks. As they fly past the northern edges of the forests, other birds there are feeling the cooler winds. Soon they too start out along the paths through the sky which their ancestors have used for many thousands of years.

Before long they pass over the border of the United States. To many people, the first geese that sail overhead, with their V-shaped flocks pointed south, are the most exciting sign that fall has come.

Many of the smaller birds fly at night, and we know that they are passing only by the sound of their calls, or the shadow of one of the birds as it crosses before the moon. Someone who knows the call-notes of birds can stand in total darkness on a night when they are flying and tell you just how many kinds of birds are above you. If you watch the trees early in the morning during the fall, you may

see different birds there every day, feeding for awhile before they rest for the next night's flight.

Some birds fly by daylight, and these can be seen by anyone who will learn their ways. First you must know the routes they take, and then study the changing weather to see when they are most likely to be coming through. Among these birds are the hawks and eagles. Many people feel that their fall migration is one of the most beautiful and dramatic sights in nature.

Since earliest times, men have admired these handsome and intelligent birds. You have probably read how, during the Middle Ages, men taught hawks to hunt for them. Falconry, the art of training hawks to serve men in this way, is still practiced as a fascinating sport. In many ways, hawks and eagles are the most highly developed of birds. Their strength and skill in flight, their wonderfully keen eyesight, and their dignified manner make them seem to us the royalty among birds.

Because they have such large wings for their size, hawks and eagles can float along through the air almost as easily as we can float in water. If there is any upward movement of air, they can just spread their wings and let it lift them. Over a field or piece of land that absorbs the sun more than usual, a rising column of warm air can carry them up and up in great lazy circles. You may have seen vultures soaring this way if you live in a part of the country where they are.



Photo by D. Heintzelman

When the hawks and eagles are ready to start south, they follow the routes with the best air currents to carry them along. They may use the rising air from the warm countryside. But the best places to see big flights of hawks are along mountain ridges which lie generally north and south. Winds blowing across the country hit the side of these ridges and have to shoot up to get over the top. This makes a perfect place for a hawk to soar along, because it takes no work on his part to stay up in the air and he can use his wings to send himself speeding along to the south.

In the eastern part of the United States, the two main paths of hawk flights are along the edge of the ocean and along the ridges of the Appalachian Mountains. In many places, the ridges come together in ways that bring large numbers of hawks flying past the same spot. If you can be on one of these mountains on the day of a big flight, hawks and eagles from a large part of the northeastern United States and Canada may pass you in a few hours.

The flights are not so concentrated in the other parts of the country, but they follow the main flyways that other birds use. Sometimes these go along the larger rivers, like the Missouri and the Mississippi. Most states have

◀ A red-tailed hawk found with a broken wing was given a home at Hawk Mountain. It roosted in the chicken-house, where it ate all the mice and got along very well with the chickens.



Photo by Shirley Briggs

▲ A broad-winged hawk perches on the arm of the caretaker.

Audubon societies, ornithological societies, or natural history museums whose members can tell you the best places to see migrating birds near your home.

One mountain has become more famous as a hawk-watching place than any other in our country, and probably in the world. This is Hawk Mountain in eastern Pennsylvania. It is one of the places where the shape of the mountain ridges brings together many lines of hawk flight. From the Lookout at the top of Hawk Mountain you can see for many miles up along the ridge, and out over the valleys on either side to the parallel mountain ridges in the distance.

On a cold, windy day, the hawks will come closer to the mountain top, because they are using the updrafts from the wind hitting the mountainside. On a warm, still day, they will soar along out over the valleys, where the farmlands absorb more heat and cause warm air currents.

You will not be alone on this mountain. People come from all over the world to climb up to the Lookout and spend the day wedged into a comfortable cranny in the rocks, with

their binoculars and telescopes aimed up the ridge at the passing birds. All sorts of people come—famous scientists, troops of Boy and Girl Scouts, countryfolk from nearby farms, and many people who just like birds and enjoy a day in such a beautiful place. The path is steep in places, but determined people find ways to reach the top.

Years ago, the scene at Hawk Mountain in the fall was very different. Only the local people knew about the great hawk flights that passed by here, and many of them did not know that hawks are very valuable to man. They still believed old superstitions about them, and thought that they would eat all the farmers' chickens. Scientists proved many years ago that hawks live mainly on the harmful rats and mice that farmers must keep under control. When too many hawks and owls are destroyed, rats and mice overrun the countryside. Land has been ruined for many years to come in places where the hawks and owls were all shot.

But many people near Hawk Mountain did not know this. So men would go up the mountain with their guns, and because the low-flying hawks were so easy to hit, they shot thousands of them every fall. Then some people who understood about hawks found out

about this terrible slaughter. Farms all over northeastern United States and Canada were losing their hawks every year. Some kinds of these splendid birds were in danger of being wiped out completely.

So these people banded together and bought the mountain. Then they found a young man, Maurice Broun, who was an expert naturalist. He and his wife came to Hawk Mountain in 1934, and set about the difficult and dangerous job of stopping the shooting and making this a real wildlife sanctuary. They had many adventures, some frightening, some exciting, and some funny. But they succeeded. Today if you go up the mountain to the headquarters buildings you will see what a popular place it is. If you meet Mr. or Mrs. Broun, they may have time to tell you some of the strange and delightful experiences they have had on the mountain. You can read all about it, too, in Mr. Broun's book called *Hawks Aloft*.

Of course the local people changed their minds about the hawk shooting when they found that so many hundreds of people were coming to the mountain to see the hawks, and spending money in the neighborhood for food and lodging. Many local people had always hated the shooting anyhow.

Photo by Shirley Briggs



Watchers at the Lookout on Hawk Mountain follow a red-tailed hawk across the sky.

If you go to Hawk Mountain in the middle of September, you may see the flight of broad-winged hawks. These gentle little hawks must hate cold weather very much, because they leave the north early to go to Florida and the tropics beyond. Sometimes they come all at once. On the record day, September 16, 1948, the watchers saw the sort of flight that must have been common before the white man came to America. That day 11,392 hawks passed over the Lookout! Almost 8,000 came in a single hour.

In October and November most of the other hawks come. Along the mountain flyways, you will see mostly the large soaring hawks—the red-tails, red-wings, and the bald and golden eagles. But in October many sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks swoop

past, and there are always ospreys, marsh hawks, and the swiftest of all, the falcons—the peregrine, the pigeon hawk, and the tiny sparrow hawk. Sometimes the rare gyrfalcon is seen, the noble bird that only royalty might train for falconry in the Middle Ages. Along the coast, the flights come earlier, and here more falcons, sharp-shins, Cooper's, and goshawks are seen.

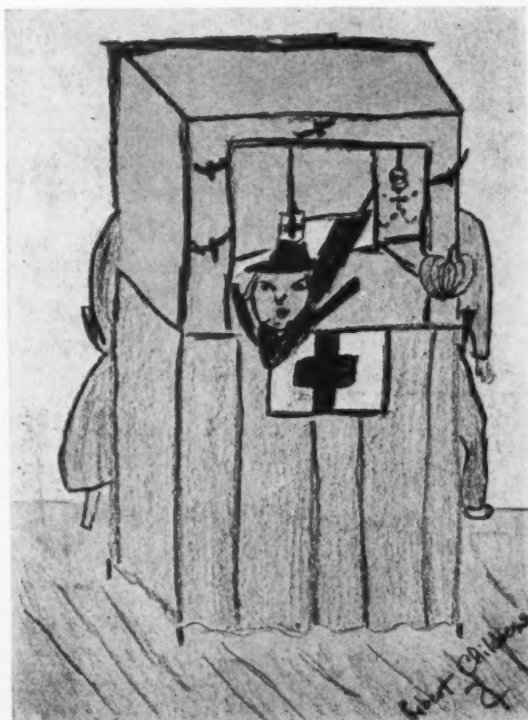
You can watch hawk flights from city roofs or country fields, or along the seashore. But the best place of all is a mountain top on a brisk fall day. The land below looks far and vast, just as it does to a soaring hawk. And when the winds bring the great birds past, close by, you can feel for a minute what it must be like in the high, free flight of an eagle. [END]

BEULAH WITCH and the JUNIOR RED CROSS

HALLOWEEN was a busy time for JRCers in Room 9, the Ungraded Room at Academy Avenue School, Providence, Rhode Island. Early in the morning, Beulah Witch, a puppet dressed in witch's costume by the children, set off on her journey through the school to solicit candy for Halloween baskets for shut-ins.

Beulah "spoke" in every room from a small stage decked with bats, skeletons, and pumpkins. Robert, one of the pupils, wore a long black glove borrowed from his teacher and manipulated the puppet from in back of the stage. Nancy, another pupil, read the dialog while Beulah gesticulated and pointed to a large Red Cross worn on her hat. After telling the children to bring wrapped candy to help fill the baskets, Beulah wished everyone a Happy Halloween and Happy Haunting! The response was so enthusiastic that over 50 baskets were filled.

—DOROTHY B. MARTIN, *teacher-sponsor*.



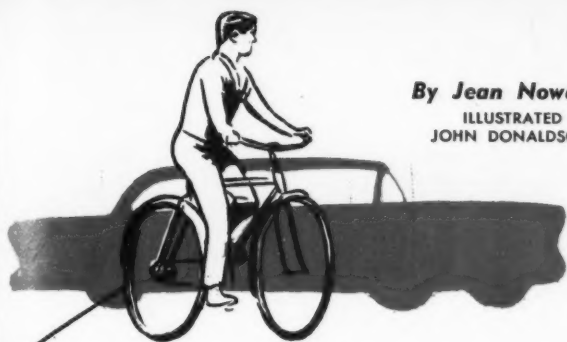
Beulah Witch and the puppet stage as sketched by Robert Childress.

BIG WHEEL



By Jean Nowak

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN DONALDSON



**WHEN YOU GRADUATE FROM THREE WHEELS
TO TWO WHEELS
YOU BECOME A BIG WHEEL**

When you get a bicycle, you really enter the grown-up world of transportation. What you learn and practice with your bike will help you have fun through your school days, and help you again at a later age when you are old enough to drive and own an automobile. So follow carefully these pointers of a truly big wheel:

Your bicycle should be as important to you as a car is to your father. Follow his example to make sure your bicycle is always in good mechanical order and keep it clean, oiled, and adjusted. Keep the proper amount of air in the tires. You can learn to make minor repairs yourself (do them promptly!) but always take your bicycle to a reliable serviceman for major repairs and checkups.

To help you ride easily as well as safely, your bicycle should be adjusted to fit your body. Be sure the pedals are the right length from the seat. The seat should be placed at a height where you can sit almost erect, leaning only slightly to grasp the handlebar. Handlebar grips should be about the same height as the seat saddle.

Just as in an automobile, brakes and lights are tremendously important and should al-

ways be in perfect working order. The white light on the front of your bicycle should be strong enough to be seen at 500 feet. The red reflector or light on the rear should be visible at 300 feet. You should also have a bell or a horn with which to give a warning signal.

Choose a safe place while learning to ride. Do not try to ride in downtown streets or busy areas until you can ride well. Practice turns and stops until you know how to make them easily. Learn how to park a bicycle properly.

Bicyclists must follow the same traffic rules as car drivers—red and green lights, one-way streets, stop signs. You must learn road signs and obey them. You must always ride to the right side of the road and close to the curb. You must learn how to give the proper signals for left and right turns and stops, and be sure to use them whenever you turn or stop.

A courteous driver always minds his manners. He rides in a straight line, single file, and at a safe rate of speed. He keeps a reasonable distance behind when following other vehicles. He gives pedestrians the right of way; never carries other riders or hitches onto moving vehicles. When riding at night, he wears white or light colored clothes. He ties packages or books to the handlebar or carries them on a rack or in a basket. Acting like a big wheel should, means he practices good conduct at all times.

As a bicycle owner, you are responsible for it. Park it carefully in a safe place, and always lock it if you leave it for any time. In most areas, bicycles can be registered and licensed just as automobiles are. If your town or city has this registration service, we believe that you should use it. Happy and safe riding!

SLOW

STOP

CAUTION

**NO
LEFT
TURN**



READING—Members of Oahu, Hawaii, Elementary JRC Council held a Halloween piñata party at their October meeting, based on a piñata story they read in the AJRC NEWS. Whacking the witch with her own broom was lots of fun, and when she finally "gave up the ghost" she showered candies and gifts.

THE 4 R's

Junior Red Cross members pictured here have added the 4th R to their World of School. Through Red Cross activities they put their reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic skills to good use in helping others.

Reading - Riting - Rithmetic - RED CROSS

'RITING—JRCers in Minnehaha School, Minneapolis, Minnesota, write letters and make posters for their International School Exhibit Project.



AT WORK

RED CROSS—Fourth graders at the Post school, Fort Monroe, Virginia, make Columbus Day tray favors for hospital patients. The candy cups are decorated with hand-drawn pictures of the ship Niña.



U. S. Army photo

'RITHMETIC—Pupils in Grades 5 and 6, Warren, Maine, can tell you to a penny how much money they earned for JRC enrollment.





Mystery of the Town Clock

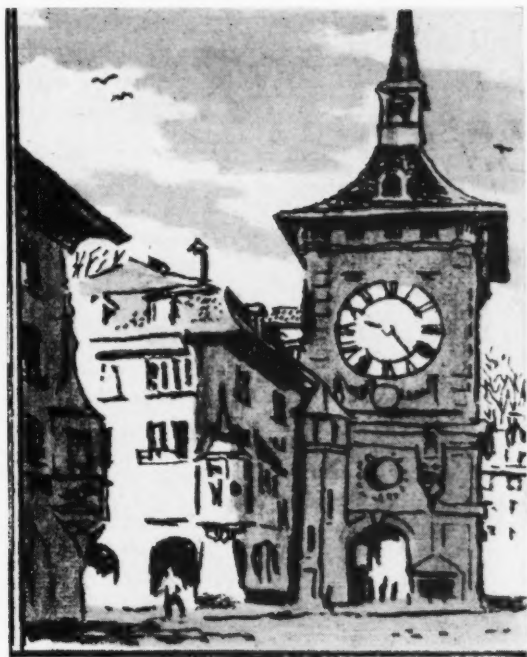
By HAZEL WILSON

IN THE LITTLE TOWN of Velmy, in the north of France, the broad face of the big clock in the high belfry overlooks the market square. The townspeople live by the clock. They get up and go to bed by its chimes. Wives know when to have the dinner ready, and boys and girls when it is time to start to school. Everybody in Velmy loves the clock in its high tower. But 10-year-old Pierre Picard loves the clock best. For he once did the clock a great favor. People in Velmy have not forgotten. When they bring their clocks and watches to Pierre's grandfather to be repaired, they say what a brave boy Pierre is.

Pierre lives with his grandparents above a shop with a big sign shaped like a clock hung

over the doorway. The sign shows that Pierre's grandfather, Monsieur Picard, makes and repairs clocks and watches. He is also the keeper of the town clock. It is his responsibility that it keep perfect time. And it always has except for two sad weeks last September, when the clock went wrong.

One morning, the big clock chimed 7. And the maids and housewives hurried to prepare the big pitchers of hot milk and the small pitchers of strong coffee for the grownups, and the cocoa for the children, and the crescent-shaped rolls for all the little breakfasts. The townspeople were so used to getting up and eating meals by the town clock that it was late in the morning before most of them



Illustrated by James Ponter

noticed that their clocks and watches said a different time from that of the town clock. Either their clocks and watches were 15 minutes slow or the town clock was 15 minutes fast. People were so sure that the town clock must be right that many of them took their clocks and watches to Pierre's grandfather to be regulated.

They found the watchmaker a very troubled man. For he had discovered that none of the watches and clocks in his shop agreed with the town clock.

"The town clock must have gained 15 minutes during the night," he said. "It seems unbelievable but it must be so. Something must have become disarranged. I shall climb the belfry at once and find the trouble."

Pierre was allowed to go with his grandfather to the big clock. They climbed and climbed many, many steps in the clock tower. In the belfry only a ladder led up to the works of the great clock. Pierre passed the oilcan and the tiny clockmaker's tools up to his grandfather at the top of the ladder. After

he had adjusted everything that could possibly need adjusting, Monsieur Picard put his ear to the works of the clock. He listened to the strong, steady tick like the beat of a giant heart.

"It goes well," he told Pierre. "Now I am sure it will keep perfect time. But why it gained during the night is a great mystery."

The town clock kept perfect time all that day. But the next morning it was not 15 minutes fast but 20. So again Pierre's grandfather went to the belfry. He could find nothing the matter. Nothing. He hardly took his eyes off the clock all day, and it kept perfect time. But the next morning, the clock was all of half an hour fast.

"The clock must be bewitched," said Monsieur Picard.

That day, which was a Tuesday and therefore Market Day, Pierre overheard people say that since Monsieur Picard was unable to regulate the town clock he could not be trusted to repair any clocks and watches. And not a soul came to the shop all day.

"Unless I can make the town clock keep correct time, I am ruined," Pierre heard his grandfather say to his grandmother, as they stood in the empty shop.

"If we can't make a living here, we shall have to leave," said his grandmother sadly.

A week passed; 10 days; 12 days. Every morning the town clock was fast. Every day Monsieur Picard climbed to the belfry and reset the hands. But by next morning the clock would be fast again.

If the people of Velmy had not been so fond of their town clock, they would not have been so upset when it could no longer be depended on for the correct time. They argued, grumbled, even shook their fists at it. But they blamed Pierre's grandfather more than they did the clock.

In the evening of the thirteenth day since the town clock had stopped telling the correct time, a delegation of town officials called

on Monsieur Picard. He talked to them in the shop; then came upstairs with slow, heavy steps.

"They will hire another man to be keeper of the town clock," he told Pierre and his grandmother. "Another watchmaker will come and set up a shop in Velmy. I am a ruined man."

That night Pierre tossed and turned and could not get to sleep. He believed that his grandfather was still a most excellent regulator of clocks and watches. But why wouldn't the town clock keep the correct time? Why did it gain only in the night? Did his grandfather have some enemy who climbed to the belfry every night and set the clock ahead?

Suddenly Pierre decided what he must do. He must go out to the square and keep an eye on the clock all night. Only that way could he find out why during each night, the town clock gained.

Very quietly Pierre dressed and crept downstairs. Gently he lifted the latch and went out. The market square was gilded with moonlight—not yellow but white gold. It was so light that Pierre could almost see to tell the time by the broad face of the town clock. He would be able to see anyone who came to tamper with the clock. But what if it was no human hand which set the clock ahead? Pierre shivered as he remembered tales of witches and goblins. The clock struck 10, and the friendly chimes he had heard all his life quieted his fear.

The slow, slow minutes passed. The clock struck half past 10; then 11. And went on striking through the night, though Pierre was not awake to hear it. He had gone fast asleep on a plot of grass on the far side of the square opposite the clock tower.

He woke up to sunshine and the clock striking 5. He was so ashamed to have slept when he had meant to stay awake and make sure that no one came to set the hands of the clock ahead. The clock had probably gained

during the night as it had the other nights. But he had not found out why. He would never know why now. For the new man to be given charge of the town clock was to arrive that afternoon, and Pierre's grandfather had sworn he would be out of town before the new watchmaker came.

The air was full of bird song. Robins chirped. Pigeons cooed. They fluttered about the belfry. Pierre looked up at the broad face of the clock. What he saw there in the morning sunshine surprised and delighted him.

"That's what does it!" he cried.

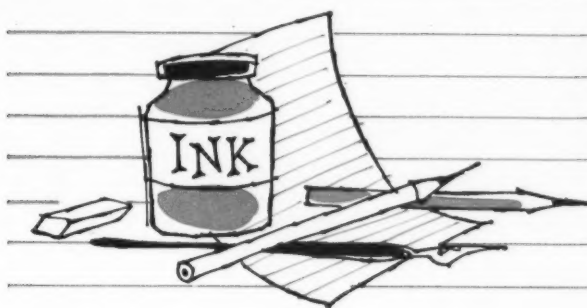
A fat pigeon sat on the big minute hand of the clock. Then it flew off and another took its place. Their weight was enough to make the minute hand slip forward a little. They must have been riding the hands of the clock every morning for the past two weeks.

Pierre ran home so fast he had hardly enough breath to tell his grandparents about the pigeons riding the minute hand of the big clock. And Monsieur Picard was so excited that he did not wait until the mayor had had his breakfast before he ran to his house to tell him what Pierre had discovered. The mayor had regretted to be one of the delegation to tell Monsieur Picard that his services were no longer needed to care for the town clock. He was glad to learn that it was not the watchmaker's fault that the clock had gained.

"You are still the keeper of the clock," he said. "The other man will be notified that he is not needed. And I shall give orders to have wires put up to keep the pigeons away from the clock face."

The town clock of Velmy now keeps perfect time. And the townspeople all bring their clocks and watches to Monsieur Picard's shop to be repaired. Pierre does not know it yet but his grandfather has decided to make him a gift of a fine watch on his next birthday. It will be solid gold. His grandparents feel that he deserves it.

[END]



SCRIBES IN SCHIEL SCHOOL

Fourth graders Cincinnati, Ohio

The Sky

The sky is so, so beautiful and blue and blue
all over.
Sometimes you see beautiful birds that make
the sky so colorful,
And sometimes you see planes that make
the sky so shiny.
You'll see the white clouds that look like
big men and mark the sky.
But sometimes you see the gray clouds which
bring rain and you don't see the sky at all.

—JIM SIMMS

Mother Nature's Orchestra

Mother Nature has a symphony orchestra!
It is made up of what nature holds—
The bees play the bass horn,
The birds play the piccolo,
The trees play the trumpet,
The bears play the bass drum.
All of Mother Nature's band blends
Together to make a beautiful symphony.

—WANDA ANDERSON

The Red Cross

Today is Red Cross Day
We should help in every way
Our Red Cross aids people with many hands
Us and people in other lands.
She helps the homeless, soldiers, and everyone in
need,
So on Red Cross Day, let's take the lead.

—CAROL CALHOUN

The Cactus Dance

Once a cactus plant started to dance to some music.
Soon all the plants around him started to dance too.
They were having so much fun until
A dark cloud covered the sun;
Then everything was black
And everyone went sadly into their homes.

—LOU TURNER

When Someone Cries

When I see someone cry
The tears look like
Little raindrops
But other times,
The tears look like
Spears dripping slowly
From their eyes.

—DIANNE RITTER

The Clock

The clock is funny to me
Because around and around go the hands.
Sometimes I wonder if he gets tired
For he never stops to rest.

—STEPHEN BRADING

Freedom

Freedom is a wondrous thing
So never, ever oppose it.
When you have freedom
Use it.
Because freedom is a great thing,
A beautiful thing
And a wondrous thing.

—DAVID GILBERT



Photos by Times Record

(1) **REGISTERING**—Acting out steps in donating blood, Stevie Seiver, in the role of donor, registers at bloodmobile with Janie Brown. Typist Gay Reiser helps keep records.

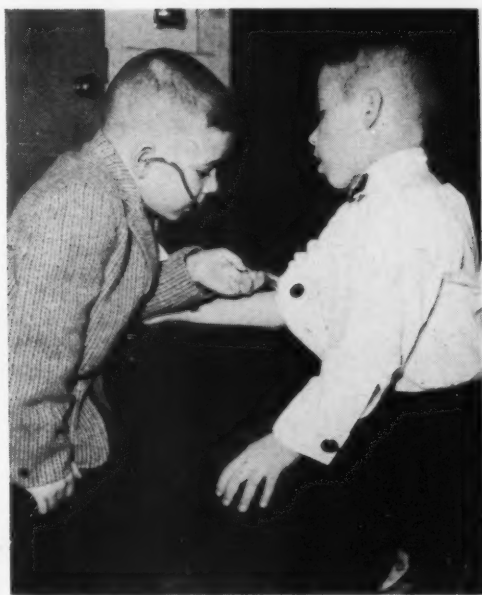
Drop by Drop

(4) **NOURISHMENT**—Before going into donor room, donor is served a treat of fruit juice and crackers by Red Cross volunteer Kathy Baldwin.





(2) CHECKUP—After registering, donor has temperature and pulse checked by Red Cross nurse, portrayed by Karen Sue Heck.



(3) LISTEN, DOCTOR—Donor gets his blood pressure and blood count checked by "Doctor" Johnny Downey.

Every drop counts in the Red Cross blood program, say JRCers of Aledo (Mercer County) Illinois. When these boys and girls learned that the bloodmobile needed help in getting donors, they decided to show their parents step by step just how simple it is to give blood. The children shown on these pages are dressed in costume as they acted out steps in donating blood. Their pictures were printed in the paper, and were also used on posters to announce the visit of the bloodmobile. Needless to say the townspeople followed the children's advice!

(5) IN DONOR ROOM—Donor gives his pint of blood attended by Red Cross nurse Karen Sue Heck.

(6) REFRESHMENTS—After the blood donation is taken, donor relaxes with meal served by volunteer Red Cross helper Janie Brown.



Lassie Goes to School

Dena Reed tells the story of how Lassie, the star of movies and TV, has to go to school, too, to learn how to do all her wonderful tricks.



Lassie learns how to shake hands.

WOULD YOU EVER suppose that Lassie, one of the most beautiful and best-loved dogs in the world, had to go to school, just like you? Well, she did, for teaching a dog to do all the wonderful tricks that Lassie does takes a great deal of love and patient training, just as it does with little boys and girls. I'll tell you all about it but first let's start at the beginning where all good stories *should* start.

Lassie was born in North Hollywood, California, and though it's hard to believe it today, she was the smallest, sorriest-looking pup in the litter. Everyone said that her brothers and sisters would be sure to take lots of blue ribbons, but Lassie, undersized, with a head considered to be too wide, wouldn't ever be the light of any dog show!

Her owner christened her "Pal" and because she developed a bad habit of chasing cars, he took the pup to trainer Rudd Weatherwax to be broken of this practice. When Pal's master got home, he began to enjoy the peace and quiet of his house which Pal's yapping had so disturbed, so he decided then and there to let Mr. Weatherwax keep the collie and even paid the training fee to seal the bargain.

Mr. Weatherwax loved dogs. He had been training all breeds for years and many of his pups appeared in motion pictures. Now he set about patiently training the newcomer, though then collies were considered far too high-strung for motion picture acting. Mr.

Lassie and Jon learn how to celebrate the Fourth of July on a TV show. ➤

Weatherwax loved the little collie and soon had her obeying his commands to sit, lie down, speak, retrieve, crawl, attack, open doors and even yawn.

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent out a call for a dog to play the title role in the famous story "Lassie Come Home." By now, Pal had grown into a beautiful collie indeed. She had a golden brown and black coat with a white ruff and her soulful eyes convinced everyone that she would be perfect in a color picture. She had 150 rivals but there was no question that the part should be hers. And from that day on, Pal became "Lassie," the name of the dog she portrayed.

Lassie won the hearts of children and grownups everywhere with that picture and she appeared in many more. In fact, in a very short while, she was a highly paid picture star and earned enough money to buy a home, a yacht and an airplane for Rudd Weatherwax to say nothing of plenty of delicious beef stews for herself!

She came to television in 1954. Thirty-three million people watch her every week. Like all good students, Lassie never stops learning. She has been trained now to obey hand signals and is a very smart and obedient dog indeed. While most dogs show their emotions by wagging their tails, Lassie can respond with almost-human expressions. She can look sad and wistful, happy and smiling, or when her young master is in danger, she can be menacing and protective.



Four of Lassie's smartest offspring, Lassie, Jr., Pal, Laddie and Big Laddie, have been trained to be her "stand-ins." This means that when Lassie is tired from running in the fields or doing other hard work, one of her stand-ins or substitutes stands in her place and gets measured for camera angles or poses for photographs. But no dog but Lassie herself does the difficult acting chores.

Lassie lives in the grand style of a star. She has an air-conditioned kennel and is probably the only dog in the entertainment world to have her own four-wheeled bed to rest on between scenes of her TV show. Her health is carefully guarded, just as yours is. But where you have three or four meals a day, Lassie, like all healthy dogs, is given only one.

Her food is of top quality. Her favorite meat is stew, but she also likes liver, chopped round steak and cottage cheese.

Twice a day she goes for a merry run to get her exercise. And every day she dutifully swallows cod liver oil and vitamin pills to help keep her coat glossy and beautiful.

This year, she had a wonderful time making personal appearances at State fairs, dog shows, exhibitions and parades. A lot of fine hotels which ordinarily don't allow dogs, were proud to have Lassie as their guest, and some of them even let her and her trainer share the suite usually reserved for Presidents. Lassie is always a perfect guest with perfect manners. In friendly and lady-like manner, she offers her paw when Mr. Weatherwax allows her to.

This year, Lassie got a new master in her TV series. Tommy Rettig grew too big for the part and little Jon Provost was chosen to act in his place. Lassie who had been appearing with Tommy for so long, didn't know what to make of this and at first her loyalty to Tommy prevented her from obeying Jon.

Mr. Weatherwax understood how she felt and decided that both Lassie and Jon ought

to go back to "school" at his ranch, to get acquainted for he knew that as soon as Lassie got really to know Jon, she would grow to love him as much as she loved Tommy.

Jon and Lassie stayed for 2 weeks, playing and romping together and having a high old time till gradually Lassie understood that Jon loved her as much as Tommy did and gradually she came to love him too. They stayed close to each other as good companions do and by the time the 2 weeks had passed, they were fast friends and Lassie was minding Jon when he told her to do her tricks.

Today she obeys him just as well as she did Tommy—which proves that with love, kindness and patience a boy and a dog can be taught most anything. Love is what Lassie thrives on and what she gives to all children who are her greatest fans.

Lassie is as much a part of television now as she was of motion pictures. She has won all sorts of honors too, among them, the famous "Patsy," the American Humane Association's trophy for being the "Performing Animal Top Star of the Year." Lassie is very proud of her cups and ribbons but proudest of all of being the dog that children love best. [END]



Lassie takes a lesson in washing dishes on the TV show.



While on a visit to the Pakistan Red Cross Society, Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther, President of the American Red Cross, greets a JRC member at Mama Parsi Girls School in Karachi. General Gruenther gave an American Junior Red Cross gift box to each one of the children in the school.

SMILES—

When East meets West



H.R. Halvorsen

If you want to do some good, and you real-ly feel you should,

Join the Jun-ior Red Cross. You can help a friend in need with a

cheer-y, kind-ly deed, Join the Junior Red Cross. All the mon-ey you give helps to

make some-one glad. Do-ing for oth-ers makes no one feel sad, so just

give a lit-tle bit and you'll make a great big hit. Join the Junior Red Cross.

Illustrated by Jo E. Irwin.

